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ON ELEGIAC POETRY.

From MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, by J. BLAIR LINN.

ALL persons possessed of refine tastes are susceptible of the charms of poetry. Some men have indeed affected to despise it; but perhaps the fable of the fox and the grapes may be in some measure applicable to them. The examples are numerous, that men who have shone as statesmen and eminent literary characters, have not had certain qualifications inherent in them, necessary to the attainment of this sublime art. Perhaps there is no species of poetry of which the mind is more susceptible than elegy. There is none perhaps which meets with more agreeable reception from all classes of men. Its objects are to excite the softer passions, to represent to us the distresses of virtue, and the many misfortunes to which human nature is liable. Connected with its principal design to infuse into us pity and sorrow, it conveys sentiments which experience partly dictates, and which are improving and striking. In many instances, elegy is calculated to excite a rougher feeling than sympathy, and to kindle in the mind indignation against some unfeeling wretch, who is introduced in the poem as a perpetrator of the most inhuman cruelties. When elegy causes these sensations it must operate in forming the mind to virtue, and in cultivating the amiable and tender feelings.

To answer these purposes, elegy has chosen a strain remarkably sweet, smooth, and pensive to the ear, the very sound is the plaintive voice of sorrow—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

I intend here (presuming it will not be unentertaining or useless) to extract some verses from five of the most distinguished writers of elegy in the English language.

Shenstone's genius led him to delight in elegy; in this species of poetry he particularly excels; possessed of sensibility disagreeably refined, he exquisitely felt what he wrote, and he transmits to the reader, in some degree, the same impression. He is remarkable, in many verses, for his beautiful simplicity. In his elegy, on the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance, are these verses—

He little knew the sly penurious art,
The odious art which Fortune's favorites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.
He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew, that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew, the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair.
Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friends, his very crook was fold.
Ye sons of wealth, protect the Muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply:
Ah! helpless they toward the threaten'd pain,
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky.
He lov'd a nymph, amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love, and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

In that justly admired elegy of Shenstone's, where he describes the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour—when Henry relates the speech of Jessy, what bosom can be insensible to the gentle emotion of pity?

Henry, she said, by that dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone:
I find, I find the rising sob renew'd,
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scene return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?
Alas! no more that joyous morn appears,
That led the tranquil hours of spotless Fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.
The vocal birds that raise their matin strain;
The sportive lambs increase my painful moan;
All seem to chace me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.
If thro' the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmies that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy, we are pure.
Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with a virgin's fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

(To be continued.)

RURAL PROBITY.

(Continued from Page 83, and concluded.)

IN the mean time the rector did not forget that he had promised to espouse Perrin's interest. He took a little farm for him; he bought him cattle and implements of husbandry, and two months after, he married him to Lucetta. The hearts of the fortunate couple, who had now arrived at the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to Heaven, and to the rector. Perrin was industrious; Lucetta was attentive to her domestic affairs. They paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality; they lived moderately on their profits and were happy.

Two years expired, and the money was not reclaimed by the owner. The rector thought it superfluous to wait any longer; he took it to the virtuous pair whom he had united. My children, said he, enjoy the bounty of Providence without abusing it: These twelve thousand livres are dead with me; employ them to your honest advantage. If you should discover the lawful owner of them, you ought undoubtedly to restore them to him: Dispose of them in such a way, that, though you change their substance, you may retain their value. Perrin followed his advice; he resolved to purchase the farm which he rented. It was to be sold; it was estimated at more than twelve thousand livres: But for ready money Perrin hoped to buy it at that sum. The gold which he found he only looked upon as a deposit; it could not be thought he better secured: And the rightful possessor, if he should ever meet with him, could not be a loser.

The rector approved the project; and the purchase was soon made. As Perrin was now proprietor of the land which he had farmed, he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of it. His fields kept in better order, and more improved, yielded a larger produce: he lived in that ease and abundance which he had been ambitious to obtain for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union; they rejoiced to see themselves renewed in those tender pledges of their love. Perrin, in returning from the field, was usually met by his wife, who presented his children to him; he embraced them with transport, and then clasped Lucetta in his arms. The children were eagerly officious about their father; one wiped the sweat from his face; the other attempted to ease him of the spade. He smiled at his feeble efforts; he caressed him again, and thanked Heaven for having given him an affectionate wife and children who resembled him.

Some years after the old rector died. Perrin and Lucetta lamented his death; their minds dwelt afresh on what they owed to his humanity; the reflection made them contemplate their own situation,—We too shall die, said they, and we shall leave our farm to our children. It is not our property. If he to whom it belongs should return, he would be deprived of it for ever; we shall take the right of another with us to the grave. This idea they could not support; delicate in their integrity, they could not be happy while their consciences charged them with the least appearance of fraud. They immedi-

ately had a declaration drawn, and signed by the principal inhabitants of the village, which set forth the tenure by which they held their farm. They lodged the declaration in the hands of the new rector. This precaution, which they thought necessary to enforce a restitution that justice might exact of their children, set their minds at ease.

Perrin had now been settled ten years in his farm. One day, after a forenoon's hard labour, as he was going home to dinner, he saw two men overturned in a chaise, on the high road, at a small distance from his house. He ran to their assistance; he offered them his draught horses to convey their baggage; he begged of them to go with him, and accept such refreshment as his humble roof afforded. The travellers were not hurt by their fall. —This is a very unlucky place to me, said one of them; I cannot pass it without suffering some misfortune. A great mischance befell me here about twelve years ago: I was returning from the fair of Vitre; and near this spot I lost twelve thousand livres in gold. But did you neglect, said Perrin, who heard him with attention, to make proper inquiries for your money?—It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to take the usual ways to recover it. I was just going to make a voyage to the East-Indies; the vessel in which I was to sail would not have waited for me; all the expedients I could have fallen upon, to regain my money, would undoubtedly have been fruitless; and the delay which they would have occasioned would have been more prejudicial to me than the loss of it.

This discourse made Perrin's heart leap for joy; he repeated his invitation with more earnestness; he intreated the gentlemen to accept of the asylum which he offered them; he assured them that his house was the nearest, and the most commodious habitation of the place: They complied with his request; he went on the first to shew them the way. He soon met his wife, who, according to custom, came to meet him. He desired her to hasten home and prepare a dinner for his guests. On their arrival at his house, he brought them a refreshment; and renewed the conversation on the loss of the twelve thousand livres. By the sequel of the traveller's discourse, he was convinced that he was the man to whom he owed a restitution; he went to the new rector, informed him of what he had learned, and begged that he would do him the favour to dine with him. He accepted his invitation, and accompanied him; admiring, as he went, the joy of the peasant on a discovery which would be his ruin.

Dinner is served up: The travellers are charmed with the hospitality of Perrin: They admire his domestic economy, the benevolence of his heart, the frankness of his behaviour; the ingenuous and engaging manner of Lucetta, her assiduities, and her kindness; they caress the children. After dinner Perrin shews them his house, his garden, and his cattle; he informs them of the situation, the fertility, and the produce of his fields.—All this, added he to the traveller on whose account he was so particular, belongs to you. The money which you lost fell into my hands; when I found that it was not likely to be reclaimed, I bought this farm with it;

which I always intended to give up to him who should convince me that he had a right to it.—I now resign it to you: if I had died without finding you, the rector has a deed, which confirms your property.

The stranger was for some moments lost in amazement.—He read the writing which the rector put into his hand.—He looked earnestly on Perrin, on Lucetta, and their children.—Where am I, at length, exclaimed he! and what have I heard!—What an uncommon manner of proceeding! What virtue, what nobleness of soul, and in what a station of life do I find them!—Have you nothing to depend upon but this farm, added he?—No; but, if you do not sell it, you will need a farmer, and I hope you will give me the preference.—Your probity deserves a different recompence. It is now twelve years since I lost the sum which you found: in that time God has blessed my commerce; it has been greatly extended; it has prospered. It is long since I ceased to feel the effects of my loss. Your restitution now would not make me richer. You merit this little fortune; Providence has made you a present of it: I could not take it from you without offending my Creator. Keep it; it belongs to you; or, if I must have a right to it, I give it you. You might have kept it; I should never have reclaimed it; what man would have acted like you?

He immediately tore the deed which the rector had given him. The world, said he, should be acquainted with your generous action. A deed to ratify my resignation in your favour, your right to the farm, and that of your children, is not necessary: However, it shall be executed, to perpetuate the remembrance of your disinterestedness and honour.

Perrin and Lucetta fell at the feet of the traveller. He raised and embraced them. A notary was sent for; he engrossed the deed; he had never drawn one of such noble contents. Perrin shed tears of gratitude and joy. My children, said he, kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, by the generosity of this worthy man, the farm is now become our own; henceforth we may enjoy it without anxiety and without remorse.

Perrin and Lucetta in their vacant hours often paid encomiums to the memory of the old rector, the guardian of their innocence, and the first promoter of their happiness. While they dwelt on the pleasing subject, they felt the best emotions of human nature; tears of gratitude and affection started from their eyes. His precepts had made an indelible impression upon their minds, and, by their constant observance of them, they hoped to rejoin him in a better world.

ANECDOTE of DR. WATTS.

DR. WATTS, so eminent for his poetic works, when a child, it was so natural to him to speak in rhyme, that even at the very moment he wished to avoid it, it was not in his power. His father was displeased, and threatened to correct him if he did not desist from making verses. One day, as he was about to put his threats in execution, the child began to cry, and on his knees said:

Pray father do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make!

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER IX.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY CULTIVATING THE MINDS OF CHILDREN; AND OF GIVING THEM THE EARLIEST IDEAS OF TRUTH AND BENEVOLENCE.

How delightful are my sensations, in entering upon a subject equally important to me, and interesting! I need not say that subject is *your dear little ones*.—I have been amusing myself in the painful intervals of my long illness, with throwing together a few thoughts, which may possibly be of some small service in your first forming their tender minds.—I fear my heart on this occasion will be too much softened, and too full, to admit of much connection, as the subject will be *your children*—those children, which alas! I fondly but vainly hoped to have lived to have cherished—to have instructed.

For a few moments I must lay down my pen, to indulge the tear that is insensibly stealing down my languid cheek, at the recollection of former scenes of tenderness.—So strongly is my heart impressed with the idea of your beloved children, that I imagine at this moment they are now surrounding me;—the little group are hanging round my knees as usual—I see their shining eyes—their blooming cheeks glowing with health:—I hear their joyous voice—the voice *itself* of cheerful innocence—I see their smiles of infant sweetness.

Whilst each is trying, by its playful endeavours, to sooth my painful solitude—and each is striving by turns

“——to climb my arms—

“And share the envied kisses”——

Whilst again I am fondly importuned to tell their favourite fairy tale, which is eagerly attended to; the little wondering listening group still clinging nearer, in affright and pleasing astonishment.

Ah! too busy recollection, why dost thou cheat me with this ideal happiness! never more, alas! to be enjoyed!—Methinks I still feel the tender grasp of little hands fast locked in mine at parting—and still hear the *last adieu* pronounced from those innocent lips, which “*know not deceit*.”

How often has the sigh of pity heaved my anxious bosom, when I have been fondly contemplating these dear children at their little sports and plays, blinded (as we all are) by false appearances and delusive ideas: their innocent bosoms full of unsuspecting truth, and unbounded confidence;—alive to the quickest sense of pity and tenderness;—their little hearts beating in the warm pursuits of each other's happiness.—Often, alas! with a sigh, have I exclaimed, “How soon will these tender amiable emotions of delight, this openness and simplicity of heart, this benevolence and candour, be exchanged, if not totally erased, (melancholy reflection) by low suspicion, distrust, deceit, and ingratitude, the inevitable consequence of a commerce with the world.”

Dear babes! accept this last effort of my trembling hand; accept this small tribute of affection: and O! might the ensuing hints be of the least service in your future lives, I die content,—at least you will sometimes read them, I trust, when the hand that wrote them is mouldering in the dust.

Ye guardian angels, who watch over unsuspecting simplicity, make these little innocents your choicest care!—direct their erring steps, strengthen their opening minds, and lead them to virtue here, and happiness hereafter.

Believe me, my friends, that the rising and setting sun is the constant witness of my secret address for your children to the Eternal Source of all perfection, in the following words of a favourite author, Thompson:

“Father of light, and life! thou God Supreme!
 “O teach them what is good! teach them *themselves*!
 “Save them from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,
 “From every low pursuit! and feed their souls
 “With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 “Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

It is certainly a very erroneous opinion to imagine (as many people do) that from the age of *two* years to *six*, in children, is quite an indifferent period, and to be filled up with *play* and *amusement* only.—Children of that age have commonly the most *unlimited* indulgence of all things; and they are cunning enough to know, that if they cry their request is commonly granted:—because a foolish mother or servant says, “Let *him* have this request—what does it signify to deny such a baby, or child, what it wants;—a child of four years old.” &c. But perhaps that early period is one of the most important of their lives.

“Then infant reason grows apace, and asks
 “For the kind hand of an assiduous care.”

Of what infinite advantage are the *first* good impressions? O! that mothers would with the most anxious solicitude, watch over the opening minds of their little ones, instead of leaving them a prey to a careless mercenary chambermaid!—Can any object in nature merit more our compassion, than a little helpless creature, uninformed, ignorant of *what* or *who* it is; with a mind then spotless as new-fallen snow, delicate as the unsullied sheet of the fairest writing-paper, consequently apt and ready to take the least impression—and where a blot is once imbibed, the *indelible mark* will remain to all eternity.

Aristotle says, “The principles children imbibe, and the habits they contract in their early years, are not matters of small moment, but of the utmost consequence;—imaginable; they not only give a transient or superficial tincture to their first appearance in life; but most commonly *stamp* the form of their whole future conduct, and even of their eternal state.”

Astonishing is the carelessness of parents in this particular, viz.—of a total neglect of the *mind* of a child; till it arrives at the age of eight or ten years. Alas! the mischief is long done before that period; the little helpless being is long before that age taught *art*, *cunning*, *obstinacy*, and *deceit*.
 (The conclusion in our next.)

WHOLE SOME ADVICE.

Hear, Be silent, Understand, Remember,	} and learn {	To be silent; To understand; To remember; To do accordingly.
All that you	{ See, Hear, Know, Can do,	{ Judge it Believe it Tell it Do it } Not.
Goods Courage Honour Soul	{ Lost,	{ Some Much More All } Lost.
By going to Church, By giving Alms, By being unjust, By lying,	{ you	{ Hinder Impoverish Enrich Profit } Not.

If ever you speak any thing, think first, and look narrowly, what you speak; where you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak: lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

A N E C D O T E

Of the Princess Margaret of Savoy.

THE Princess Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, who governed the Low Countries for some time, during the reign of her nephew Charles the Fifth, was not only the protectress of learning in her time, but distinguished by the elegance of her own genius. In her tender years she was betrothed to Charles the Eighth, King of France; but that Prince having forsaken her for Anne of Bretagne, she was next betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low Countries to Spain, a sudden tempest arising, the ship in which she sailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princess composed the following Epitaph for herself, in the old French of that time.

Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,
 Qu'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.
 Under this tomb is high-born Marg'et laid,
 Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.

She happily, however, escaped the danger, and, on the death of the Prince of Spain, was married to the Duke of Savoy.

A N E C D O T E.

IN the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief of the British troops, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in his favour, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull? “Dull your honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a d—d hard day's work I have done for a groat.”

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 85.)

"THE Conjuror will probably explain it the best," said the English Lord, "if that gentleman," pointing to the Bailiff, "will procure us an opportunity of speaking to his prisoner."

The Bailiff consented to it, and having agreed with the Englishman to visit the Sicilian in the morning, we returned to Venice.*

Lord Seymour (this was the name of the Englishman) called upon us very early in the forenoon, and was soon after followed by a person whom the Bailiff had intrusted with the care of conducting us to the prison. I forgot to mention that one of the Prince's domestics, a native of Bremen, who had served him many years with the strictest fidelity, and who possessed his confidence, had been missing for several days. Whether he had met with any accident; whether he had been kidnapped, or had voluntarily absented himself, was a secret to every one.

The last supposition was extremely improbable, as his conduct had always been regular and irreproachable. All that his companions could recollect, was, that he had been for some time very melancholy, and that whenever he had a moment's leisure, he used to visit a certain monastery in the Giudecca, where he had formed an acquaintance with some monks. This induced us to suppose that he might have fallen into the hands of the Priests, and had been persuaded to turn Catholic. The Prince was very tolerant, or rather indifferent about matters of this kind, and the few enquiries he caused to be made proving unsuccessful, he gave up the search. He however regretted the loss of this man, who had constantly attended him in his campaigns, had always been faithfully attached to him, and whom it was therefore difficult to replace in a foreign country. The very same day the Prince's banker, whom he had commissioned to provide him with another servant, came at the moment we were going out. He presented to the Prince a well dressed man, of a good appearance, about forty years of age, who had been for a long time secretary to a *Procurator*, spoke French, and a little German, and was besides furnished with the best recommendations. The Prince was pleased with the man's physiognomy, and as he declared that he would be satisfied with such wages as his service should be found to merit, the Prince engaged him immediately.

We found the Sicilian in a private prison, where, as the Bailiff assured us, he had been lodged for the present, to accommodate the Prince, as he was to be confined in

future under the lead roofs, to which there is no access. These lead roofs are the most terrible dungeons in Venice. They are situated on the top of the Palace of St. Mark, and the miserable criminals suffer so excessively from the heat of the leads, occasioned by the burning rays of the sun descending directly upon them, that they frequently turn mad. The Sicilian had recovered from his terror, and rose respectfully at the sight of the Prince. He had fetters on one hand and one leg, but he was able to walk about the room at liberty. The keeper left the prison, as soon as we had entered.

"I come," said the Prince, "to request an explanation of you on two subjects. You owe me the one, and it shall not be to your disadvantage if you grant me the other."—

"My part is now acted," replied the Sicilian, "my destiny is in your hands."—

"Your sincerity alone can soften its rigour."—

"Speak, my Prince, I am ready to answer you. I have nothing now to lose."

"You shewed me the face of the Arminian in a looking-glass. How was it done?"—

"What you saw was no looking-glass. A portrait in pastel behind a glass, representing a man in an Arminian dress, deceived you. The want of light, your astonishment, and my own dexterity, favoured the deception. The picture itself must have been found among the other things seized at the inn."—

"But how came you so well acquainted with my idea as to hit upon the Arminian?"—

"This was not difficult, my Prince. You have frequently mentioned your adventure with the Arminian at table, in presence of your domestics. One of my servants got accidentally acquainted with one of your's, in the *Giudecca*, and learned from him gradually as much as I wished to know. By this means also, I received the first information of your residence, and of your adventures at Venice; and I resolved immediately to profit by them. You see, my Prince, I am sincere. I was apprized of your intended excursion on the *Brenta*. I was prepared for it, and a key that dropped by chance from your pocket, afforded me the first opportunity of trying my art upon you."—

"How! Have I been mistaken? The adventure of the key was then a trick of yours, and not of the Arminian? You say this key fell from my pocket?"—

"You accidentally dropped it in taking out your purse, and I seized a moment when no person was observing me, to cover it with my foot. An intelligence subsisted between myself and the person of whom you bought the lottery-ticket. He caused you to draw it from a box where there was no blank, and the key had been in the snuff-box long before it came into your possession."—

"I understand you. And the monk who stopped me in my way, and addressed me in a manner so solemn,"

"Was the same, who, I hear, has been wounded in the chimney. He is one of my accomplices, and under that disguise has rendered me many important services."—

*Count O, whose narrative I have thus far literally copied, describes minutely the various effects of this adventure upon the mind of the Prince, and of his companions, and recounts a variety of tales of apparitions, which this event gave occasion to introduce. I shall omit giving them to the reader, on the supposition that he is as curious as myself to know the conclusion of the adventure, and its effects on the conduct of the Prince. I shall only add, that the Prince got no sleep the remainder of the night, and that he waited with impatience for the moment which was to disclose this incomprehensible mystery.—Note of the German Editor.

"But what purpose was this intended to answer?"—
 "To render you thoughtful; to inspire you with such a train of ideas as should be favourable to the wonders I intended to make you believe."—

"The pantomimical dance, which ended in a manner so extraordinary, was at least none of your contrivance?"—

"I had taught the girl who represented the Queen. Her performance was the result of my instructions. I supposed your highness would not be a little astonished to find yourself known in this place, and (I intreat your pardon, my Prince) your adventure with the Arminian gave room for me to hope that you were already disposed to reject natural interpretations, and to search for the marvellous."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Prince, at once angry and amazed, and casting upon me a significant look; "Indeed, I did not expect this." *

"But," said the Prince again, after a long silence, "how did you produce the figure that appeared on the wall over the chimney?"

"By means of a magic lantern that was fixed in the opposite window shutter, in which you have undoubtedly observed an opening."—

"And how did it happen that none of us perceived the lantern?" asked Lord Seymour.—

"You remember, my Lord, that on your re-entering the room, it was darkened by a thick smoke of perfume. I used likewise the precaution to place upright against the wall near the window, the boards which had been taken up from the floor. By these means I prevented the shutter from coming immediately under your sight. Moreover the lantern remained covered until you had taken your places, and until there was no further reason to apprehend any examination from the persons in the saloon."—

"As I looked out of the window in the other pavilion," said I, "I heard a noise like that of a person placing a ladder against the side of the house. Was it really so?"—

"Yes; my assistant stood upon this ladder to direct the magic lantern."—

"The apparition," continued the prince, "had really a superficial likeness to my deceased friend, and what was particularly striking, his hair, which was of a very light colour, was exactly imitated. Was this mere chance, or how did you come by such a resemblance?"—

* Neither did probably the greatest number of my readers. The circumstance of the crown deposited at the feet of the Prince, in a manner so solemn and unexpected, and the former prediction of the Arminian, seem so naturally and so obviously to aim at the same object, that at the first reading of these memoirs, I immediately remembered the deceitful speech of the Witches in Macbeth:

"Hail to thee Thane of Glamis!"

"All hail Macbeth! That shall be king hereafter!"

When a particular idea has once entered the mind in a solemn and extraordinary manner, it necessarily connects with itself every subsequent idea which seems to have the least affinity to it. *Note of the German Editor.*

"Your highness must recollect, that you had at table a snuff-box laid by your plate, with an enamelled portrait of an officer in a French uniform. I asked whether you had any thing about you as a memorial of your friend. Your Highness answered in the affirmative. I conjectured it might be the box. I had attentively considered the picture during supper, and being very expert in drawing, and not less happy in taking likenesses, I had no difficulty in giving to my shade the superficial resemblance you have perceived, the more so as the Marquis's features are very striking."—

"But the figure seemed to move?"—

"It appeared so, yet it was not the figure, but the smoke which received its light."—

"And the man who fell down in the chimney spoke for the apparition?"—

"He did."—

"But he could not hear your questions distinctly."—

"There was no occasion for it. You recollect my Prince, that I ordered you all very strictly not to propose any question yourselves. My enquiries and his answers were pre-concerted between us; and that no mistake might happen, I caused him to speak at long intervals, which he counted by the beating of a watch."—

"You ordered the innkeeper carefully to extinguish every fire in the house, with water; this was, undoubtedly"

"To save the man in the chimney from the danger of being smothered; because the chimnies in the house communicate with each other, and I did not think myself very secure from your retinue."—

"How did it happen," asked Lord Seymour, "that your ghost appeared neither sooner nor later than you wished him?"—

"The ghost was in the room for some time before I called him, but while the room was lighted, the shade was too faint to be perceived. When the formula of the conjuration was finished, I caused the cover of the box, in which the spirit was burning, to drop down; the saloon was darkened, and it was not till then that the figure on the wall could be distinctly seen, although it had been reflected there a considerable time before."—

"When the ghost appeared, we all felt an electrical stroke. How was that managed?"—

"You have discovered the machine under the altar. You have also seen, that I was standing upon a silk carpet. I ordered you to form a half moon around me, and to take each other's hand. When the crisis approached, I gave a sign to one of you to seize me by the hair. The silver crucifix was the conductor, and you felt the electrical stroke when I touched it with my hand."—

"You ordered us, Count O and myself," continued Lord Seymour, "to hold two naked swords across over your head, during the whole time of the conjuration; for what purpose?"

"For no other than to engage your attention during the operation; because I distrusted you two the most. You remember, that I expressly commanded you to

"hold the sword one inch above my head; by confining you exactly to this distance, I prevented you from looking where I did not wish you. I had not then perceived my principal enemy."—

"I own you acted cautiously; but why were we obliged to appear undressed?"—

"Merely to give a greater solemnity to the scene, and to fill your imaginations with the idea of something extraordinary."—

"The second apparition prevented your ghost from speaking;" said the Prince, "what should we have learnt from him?"—

"Nearly the same as what you heard afterwards. It was not without design that I asked your Highness whether you had told me every thing that the deceased communicated to you, and whether you had made any further enquiries on this subject in his country. I thought this was necessary, in order to prevent the deposition of the ghost from being contradicted by facts that you were previously acquainted with. Knowing likewise that every man, especially in his youth, is liable to error, I enquired whether the life of your friend had been irreproachable, and on your answer I founded that of the ghost."—

"Your explanation of this matter is satisfactory; but there remains a principal circumstance of which I require some explication."—

"If it be in my power, and"

"No conditions! Justice, in whose hands you now are, might perhaps not interrogate you with so much delicacy. Who was the man at whose feet we saw you fall? What do you know of him? How did you get acquainted with him? And what do you know of the second apparition?"—

"Your highness"

"On looking at the Russian officer attentively, you screamed aloud, and fell on your knees before him. What are we to understand by that?"—

"This man, my Prince," He stopped, grew visibly perplexed, and with an embarrassed countenance, looked around him.—"Yes, my Prince, by all that is sacred this man is a terrible being."—

(To be continued.)

B O N M O T.

THE late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, 'my lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?'—'Upon my word, (replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind) I am no connoisseur of paintings.' Some time after this, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on his shoulder, saying, 'sir, take care you are not captivated.' 'My lord (replied the French wit) I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.'

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

There is an Ellipse, the sum of whose axes is 15, two circles are described whose diameters are equal to the axes of the ellipse, but the area of the less circle is but one sixteenth of the area of the large circle—required the axes and area of the ellipse.

PHILO MATHEMATICUS.

N. B. Philo Mathematicus thanks Archimedes for the solution of his former question.

Sept. 10, 1795.

N E W - Y O R K.

M A R R I E D.

On Thursday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kunze, Mr. JACOB SCHETSEL, to Miss MARY HEISER, daughter of Mr. Jacob Heiser, all of this city.

On Saturday the 5th, by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. JOHN SCOLES, to Miss ELIZA SANDYS, daughter of the late Rev. J. Sandys, all of this city.

On Monday se'nnight by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. JOSEPH NORTON, to Miss MARY MURPHY, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. PETER BONETT, to Miss JANE BLAKE, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The HANDLE by PETRONELLA shall have a place in our next.—We thank L'AMATEUR D'HISTOIRE for his extract, which shall shortly be given.—PHILOMELUS discovers a poetic genius, but his present pieces cannot be admitted, by a little more attention he may produce something of merit.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 8th to the 14th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8. A. M.	1. P. M.	6. P. M.		8.	1.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.			
Sept. 8	71	50	78	77	s. sw. do.	cloudy	light wind.
9	75		83	50	77	sw. do.	clear do. do.
10	75		82	76	sw. do.	clear	do. do.
11	74		84	50	79	sw. w. n. w.	clear, do. do.
12	63		70	67	n. n. e.	clear,	do. do.
13	68		66	70	se. s. do.	cloudy,	rain, cloudy.
14	72	50			s.	cloudy,	do. do.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

VERSIFICATION OF THE 4th VERSE 5th CHAP. OF MATTHEW.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

BLESS'D is the heart, o'ercome with woe,
That mourns some inward grief;
For shortly bounteous heav'n will shew
A prospect of relief.

Hope far away each grief shall chase,—
Dispel corroding care,
And gentle peace illumine that face,
Where late was seen despair.

NEW-YORK, September 12, 1795.

A. D.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MOTIVES TO PERSEVERANCE.

COME on, my partners in distress;
Ye pilgrims trav'ling home,
Through this waste howling wilderness,
Unto the world to come.

Our captain has before us gone,
And pass the gloomy vale;
Prepar'd a place, and calls us on
To joys which never fail.

Kind angels stand around the gates,
And beckon us away;
Our Father for his children waits;
The spirit chides our stay.

Behold, how sweetly all invite!
Can we refuse to go?
Our king with glory crown'd in light,
And we in realms of wo.

Nay; but we will no more delay,
We'll lift his banners high;
And in bright armour march away
To regions in the sky.

There we shall see our Saviour-God
Sit smiling on his throne;
And welcome us to his abode,
And call us all his own.

What though within this mortal fray,
Our earthly bodies fall;
And reunite again with clay,
Their vile original:

Yet when the last loud trumpet sounds,
And the strong angel fwears
That TIME no longer shall be known,
Nor mark'd by months and years;

Then our all-conqu'ring king shall burst
The brazen bars of death;
And raise our sacred sleeping dust
In glory, from the earth.

methinks I now the prospect see,
The signs do all appear;
Pillars of blood and smoke agree
To prove the day is near.

Now the blue curtains of the sky
Begin to pass away;
And all the rolling globes on high
Eternally decay.

I see the lofty Judge descend
Upon his sapphire throne;
Ten thousand thousand saints attend
The great Jehovah down.

I hear the trumpet sounding loud;
I see the dead arise:
The saints ascending in a cloud,
And soaring through the skies.

The gates wide open I defery,
To let the conquerors in;
Shouting deliverance, as they fly,
From death and hell, and sin.

While they the rapt'rous tune prolong
To their victorious King,
Bright seraphs join th' eternal song,
And little cherubs sing.

Now all things bow to God's controul;
And they with him shall reign,
Long as eternal ages roll;
And never mourn again.

ETHICUS.

NORTH-CASTLE, March 12, 1793.

*For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.**Addressed to a Lady, with some Flowers artificially preserved in the Winter.*

BY nature fair, alike, and frail,
These children of the summer see,
The fading tenants of the vale, —
Eliza, — they were types of thee.

Now, by preserving art and care
Their beauties have escap'd the doom;
They flourish, permanently fair,
And charm with unabated bloom.

So may they still resemble thee:
Thus lasting may thy beauties prove;
Thus may thy sense, thy virtues be;
And Oh! as lasting be thy love.

I. H.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 10, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

T O H O P E.

OH HOPE! thou sweet of human woes,
How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn;
For me wilt thou renew the wither'd rose,
Or clear my painful path of pointed thorn.

Oh come sweet nymph, in smiles and softness dress,
Like the young hours that lead the tender years;
Enchantress come, and charm my ear to rest,
Alas, the flatterer flies and will not hear!

A prey to fear, anxiety and pain
Must I a sad existence still deplore;
Lo! the flowers fade, but all the thorns remain,
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.

TRANSLATION OF REGNIER'S EPITAPH.

GAYLY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.